



Birdsell Wagons, Best in the World We are Closing Out Our Stock Snyder Hdwe. Co.

MEADS BRANCH

Farmers are about all done laying by their corn and if the good showers of rain will continue we hope to have a reasonably good crop.

Levi P. Miller has gone to Ohio to work with his brother Charles in the dairy at the Hartman farm.

T. P. Wagner caught a big mud cat fish one day last week that weighed 25 pounds.

Bertha Childers, of Chapman, is visiting her parents at this place.

T. P. Kise has sold out his store to his son, Liss Kise.

Mr. Alley Thompson has sold her farm to Henderson Thompson of Little Blaine.

Lewis Thompson has gone back to Ohio to work.

J. M. Childers was transacting business in Louisa the first part of the week.

Levi Strotenberger commenced his school here Monday and we wish him success.

Heck Thompson, of Little Blaine, has sold his store to Jay and Lewis Thompson and the latter is in charge with business working on just the same.

Old Aunt Betty Castle, who has been sick so long, is reported no better.

Mrs. Gilbert Miller by some means lost her balance and fell and broke her arm one day last week, is doing as well as could be expected.

Rev. A. H. Miller, now pastor of the Sulphur Springs circuit of M. E. Church informs us that his year's term will be up on the first day of September, and he does not think know whether or not he will be returned by the conference to the work.

Aunt Lucinda Johnson has a very sore finger caused by a splinter from a piece of stove wood.

Bro. M. A. Hay, of Louisa, will preach at the Pigg tabernacle Sunday afternoon.

A large crowd attended Sunday School at this place Sunday. Let everybody come out and help us.

Ester Terry and Irene Pickrell spent Sunday with Martha Roberts.

Egle Howe called on Ola Hayes Sunday afternoon.

Marie Bradley returned Sunday after a week's visit with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Cyrus spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes.

George Bradley, who has employment at Ashland, visited home folks over Sunday.

Oscar Prince has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. L. Diamond.

Fred Roberts has been visiting home folks.

MT. PLEASANT

We are sorry that our S. S. teacher, Mrs. C. B. Peters has been so sick, but hope she will be able to be with us soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Peters, who were called to the bedside of their sick mother, returned to their home at Paintsville Friday.

Mrs. Henry Carter spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks.

Mrs. Thomas and Virgil Rice attended the speaking at Huntington Saturday.

Mrs. Luke Watkins and children spent Sunday with her brother, Mr. George Simpson.

Rev. L. M. Copley preached here Sunday.



Mrs. Ella Hayes and granddaughter, of Louisa, spent Sunday with Mrs. C. B. Peters.

There will be an ice cream festival at this place the third Saturday night in August for the benefit of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Caines, of Potter, attended church here Sunday night.

Mae and Lena Diamond, of Smokey Valley, spent Sunday with Eliza Ranson.

Jay Pfoot and Taylor Muncy attended Sunday School at Huletts Branch Sunday evening.

Mrs. Henry Carter and children and Mrs. W. B. Pfoot spent Sunday with Mrs. Sophie Frazier.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Alley spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Simpson.

Milt Simpson spent last week with his sister, Mrs. John Hanners, at Smokey Valley.

Tom Rice, of Deephole, was calling on Maymie Prazier Sunday.

Mary Pfoot spent Sunday with Benjie Alley.

Mrs. C. W. Atkinson, of Louisa, was calling on Mrs. C. B. Peters Sunday.

Our Pie Mite Saturday night was very successful—the proceeds of which were \$7.50.

There is prayer meeting at this place every Friday night. Also, church Sunday night.

Virgil Rice went to Chatteroy, W. Va. Monday returning Wednesday.

Mrs. Sam Beaman and children, of Van Lear, are visiting her sister, Mrs. John Dicks.

John Mann and Bert Cornwell, of Newcombe, attended the pie mite at this place Saturday night.

Our school began July 13th with Baz Wellman teacher.

MT. PLEASANT

There will be a pie social at this place Saturday night, July 13th for the benefit of the Sunday School. Also, Rev. L. M. Copley will preach Sunday and Sunday night. Everybody invited.

Our school will begin next Monday with Baz Wellman teacher.

Miss Ester Alley spent Saturday night with Mrs. Elton Taylor, of Deep Hole.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcella Wilson, of Lick Creek, spent Sunday with Mrs. Wilson's sister, Mrs. Baz Wellman.

John and Jay Pfoot and Earl Diamond attended the ice cream festival at Paintsville Saturday night.

Mrs. C. B. Peters, who has been very sick, is able to be out again.

Messrs. Joe and Lester Webb and Doc Peterman, of Louisa, attended church here Sunday.

Mrs. and Mrs. John D. Atkins and two little grandchildren, of Yatesville, were calling on Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pfoot Sunday.

Milt Simpson spent Saturday night and Sunday with his brother-in-law Milt Diamond.

Jerry Wellman was visiting friends at this place Sunday.

Tom Rice, of Deephole, was calling on Miss Marjorie Frazier Sunday.

Jeff Cyrus, of Smokey Valley, attended church at this place Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Beaman and children, of Auker, are visiting her sister, Mrs. John Dicks.

Jim Rice and Henry Carter, who have been working at Chatteroy, W. Va. are visiting home folks, but will return turn this week taking several of our boys with them.

Remember our Sunday School every Sunday morning.

WILLARD BOY WAS DROWNED IN WEST VA.

The remains of John Creech, aged nineteen years, who was drowned Saturday at Mountsville, W. Va., were shipped to Willard for interment. The deceased was a son of Sherman Creech and was drowned at the Mountsville lock and dam, following the explosion of a lantern on a gasoline launch, in which he was riding.

Old newspapers for sale at this office

A Man Hater

How She Was Converted From Her Antagonism

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

These are all sorts of persons in the world, both men and women. Those who have an abnormal development of some kind are usually called cranks. Miss Clara Bedford was one of these. There was no lam too radical for her. One of her misnomers was antagonism to man. Man had kept woman under his heel for centuries, making her what she is, or, rather, what she was, for, thank heaven, she is now every day asserting herself.

"How about children?" she was asked. "There must be fathers as well as mothers. If women hate men, where will the babies come in?"

Miss Bedford had no reply for this. Unreasonable persons don't seem to need a reply to questions that tumble their theories about their heads; their confidence in what they believe is not a whit lessened from the want of reason. They go right on just as if they had an answer and a perfectly satisfactory one.

Nevertheless, Miss Bedford was a very human being. Down in the bottom of her heart she loved an imaginary man and yearned for a child.

However, acting upon her prejudices, she arranged for her summer to get away from men. She was wealthy and bought a tract of land in New Hampshire upon which she built a cottage. There she went with servants and a few companions of her own sex, resolved that if any man trespassed on her property she would call upon the law to eject him.

She used to get up in the morning early and take long walks. One morning on one of these walks she saw on the border of her domain a tent. What was worse than the tent was a man walking away from it. Miss Bedford started at once for the trespasser, but before she reached him he had disappeared among the trees. Reaching the tent, she pulled back the canvas in front and peeped in.

What was her astonishment to see lying on a bed of boughs a child—a little girl about two years old—sleeping. One chubby arm was thrown back upon the pillow—there was some bedding—the other was under the cover. The fine hair was tangled, the cheeks were round and rosy, in the chin was a dimple. The lips were parted and showed a few little white teeth set in pink gums.

Miss Bedford went into the tent and approached the sleeping child. The cover at the foot of the bed was disarranged and showed five little toes. Miss Bedford could not resist a temptation to take them in her fingers. The child gave a little kick, opened its eyes and frowned at the trespasser. Then its brow smoothed it said:

"Mamma."

Miss Bedford bent over the little girl, who put out both arms to her to be taken up. She lifted the infantile burden of her from the rude couch, kissing it as she did so, and, pulling its clothes about it, took a wicker chair. The only article in the tent on which to sit, and begged the baby to her breast.

"Din-din," said the little one.

"Din-din," repeated Miss Bedford.

"How am I to get you, dear little child, say din-din?" She looked about her and went on, "There's nothing here for a grown person to eat, much less for a child." There were a cup and a saucer and a spoon, but not a morsel to eat.

"Din-din," repeated the child.

"I'd like to know where that horrid man is who left you here to starve," said Miss Bedford.

"I am here," said a voice, and a man, with a cup of milk in his hand, threw back the tent flap. Miss Bedford saw that he had come for the baby's breakfast and forgave him.

"Where did you get the milk?" she asked.

"From one of your cows. I presume you are the owner of the cow I milked."

"That's not enough. You'd better get some more."

The man poured the milk into another cup and without a word went away. While he was gone Miss Bedford gave the little girl milk to drink, which, being warm from the cow, did not need to be heated. As she sat holding the white milk to the vermilion lips she was wondering how the man came to bring a baby on to her property and feed it with milk from her cows. Had it not been for the innocent little baby she might have upbraided him, though he was a good comrade. She remembered her principles and resolved to give him a piece of her mind as soon as he returned.

But by this time the child had drunk the milk and was ready for more.

"Is there not a morsel of bread in the tent?" asked Miss Bedford.

"Not a crumb," replied the man sadly.

"Go to my house; and tell the cook to give you some of the cereal she is preparing for breakfast and such other food as she can find that will do for a baby's food."

"You are very kind. I am surprised. I was told that you would permit no trespassing on your property, so I did not camp on it. I am just beyond your border."

"What do you mean by keeping this child in a tent with nothing to eat except what you can get by foraging?"

"Foraging," was the laconic reply.

"Where is the child's mother?"

"Dead."

"What are you going to do?"

"God knows."

There was something wonderful in this words.

"I think," Miss Bedford went on, "that you had better let me take the baby to my house."

"I don't care to part with all that is left which I and my wife loved together."

A tender cord was touched in Miss Bedford's breast. She forgot her notion of hating all men in this union of a living man with a dead woman, cemented by their child. She said in a kindly voice:

"It need be only a temporary sojourn if you prefer it, till you can make other provision. You can come if you like. Have you had a breakfast?"

"No."

"Do you know where to get one?"

"No."

"I can give you one."

"You are very kind, but I can manage without your help. I think. The baby."

"Yes, the baby. You will not let your pride stand in the way of your baby. Certainly you will carry her to my house."

"Of course."

He took the child from her arms and together they started for the house. On the way he gave her a brief explanation of the situation. He was an artist and, like most artists who have not made a name, very poor. Not being able to keep up a house, he and his wife and their child started on a sketching tour, camping here and there, the husband painting landscapes. The wife had died, and the husband, not having any other abode, stuck to his tent. It was a pathetic story, and Miss Bedford's horror for man—at any rate this particular man—melted before it. When they reached the house she said to him:

"It is in your power to do me a kindness. Sit down to the same breakfast table with me and your child. I shall enjoy every mouthful you eat more than you can conceive."

He gave in to this way of putting it. Miss Bedford placed herself between him and his child, and it is questionable which she the most enjoyed helping the man or the child. He had managed to get the simple food required for his little girl. For her he would take what did not belong to him or accept it from strangers, but not for himself. He was very hungry and ate a great deal, his hostess pressing him to do so. After he had finished she said to him:

"You have done me one favor; now I wish you to do me another. Leave the child here with me while you make your sketches. You are welcome to come here to see her whenever you like, and you may feel privileged to take her away when you can provide for her."

The artist could scarcely conceal the relief this offer brought him. "She's a little gift to me for her," he said. "I have no right to deprive her of the comfort you can give her."

"And you have no right to deprive me of the happiness I shall have in taking care of her."

An hour later the artist kissed his child and took his departure. The tent disappeared, and nothing was seen of man or tent for several weeks. Then he came to Miss Bedford's home with a number of sketches. One of them, a water vista, the original being on her own ground, Miss Bedford very much fancied. She offered the artist a good price for it. He declined it on the ground that through charity she would pay him more than it was worth. But when she proposed that he should send it to a dealer in New York to fix its value he accepted the proposition. Miss Bedford privately wrote the dealer to fix a price she named herself, and this she paid the artist.

Now and again he came in from his sketching tours to see his child, and every time he came he was offered to receive Miss Bedford of her charge. She invariably declined to take him to his baby to himself, and the longer the man was out of the house the more difficult it would be for Miss Bedford to give up the child. But the father would not accept of the lady's hospitality, and this made it awkward. If he would have made his headquarters at the house when not out painting it would have been much pleasanter, for the child was constantly fretting for him.

Finally when he began to get some return for his pictures Miss Bedford proposed that if he would make her house his lodging place when not out sketching she would permit him to pay a nominal board. After much haggling as to the amount, the lady declaring what he proposed to pay nothing less than robbing him, a compromise was made, and for the rest of the summer a room in a wing of the house was at his disposal whenever he chose to use it.

The truth is nature was working in Miss Bedford, the artist and the little girl to make the three one. They were becoming necessary to one another, and a time arrived when the woman found it out. One would suppose that her antipathy to men in general would have at least troubled her at finding herself in a position to succumb. But it did not. The child stepped in to render that a thing of the past. One day when Miss Bedford was on one side of the baby's crib and the father on the other, he trying to unwind the little one's arms from his neck that he might go forth to sketch, Miss Bedford said:

"There's no use in our making ourselves uncomfortable and troubling the child any longer. You won't propose to me that I know. If the mountain will not go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain." You can marry me whenever you like."

After that when he went on sketching tours he usually took his wife and the child with him.



Coffins, Caskets, Undertakers Supplies of all Kinds

We carry a large line and sell at considerably below the prices usually charged elsewhere.

WE CONDUCT FUNERALS IN THE MOST APPROVED MANNER.

Snyder Hardware Company

LOUISA, KENTUCKY

CASH IN ADVANCE PLAN TO BE ADOPTED

On October 15th, 1916, the Big Sandy News Subscription List will be on a New Basis, and the Paper will be Sent Only until the Date Paid in Advance.

INCREASED COST OF PRODUCTION FORCES THIS CHANGE

As announced in the above headline the Big Sandy News will change its policy in handling the subscription list. We are compelled either to increase the subscription to \$1.50 per year or to take steps that will stop all leaks and waste. We hope by doing the latter to keep the subscription price at one dollar.

We are making announcement of our new policy several months in advance of its adoption so that all our friends and subscribers will have ample time to get on the new basis.

It has been customary from "time immemorial" almost, for country papers to extend credit to subscribers and to continue sending the paper until death, poverty, disease, hopeless delinquency, or an earthquake caused a break. This is bad business and often-times very injurious to the publisher. This is one thing the publisher of the Big Sandy News can truthfully say he has never intended nor had any desire to do. In soliciting we do not even insist strongly upon anyone subscribing for the paper, because we never want to push it upon any person. Our efforts are directed chiefly to making a paper worth the subscription price. Nevertheless, a few people seem to think the paper is being forced upon them when it continues beyond the date paid for.

On the other hand, we have had a number of subscribers to resent our action in stopping the paper at the expiration of the period paid for, saying it was a reflection on their credit. This is the source from which we anticipate most of the trouble that is likely to come in changing to a strictly cash in advance system. But when the change is made it will be absolutely necessary to enforce it impartially. The mailing list will be in charge of an employee who doesn't know any better than to stop every subscription at its paid expiration.

Although as above stated, the proposition has two sides, we believe our friends and patrons will like the new system better. We ask their kind cooperation in establishing this new business-like plan.

Subscription Rates.

Sent One Year to any U. S. address, postage paid.....\$1.00.
Six months, postage paid......50.
Four months, postage paid......35.
No subscription entered for less than 50 cents.

What of the future? What of the European War? What of Mexico? of the political situation in the United States? Momentous events are happening every day. No man can predict what changes in world history may come tomorrow. To keep posted, to keep in touch day by day, you should read the COURIER-JOURNAL.

It prints the news as it occurs, fuller, better, more accurately than any paper in this territory. It is Democratic in politics, but truthful above all.

The regular price of the DAILY COURIER-JOURNAL is \$4.00 a year (Sunday issue \$2.00 additional). For the National Campaign, however, you can have

DAILY COURIER-JOURNAL

(Not Sunday)
Five Months For.....\$1.50 By Mail
PROVIDED you live on a Rural Route or at a Post-office where the Courier-Journal has no regular delivery agent. NO ORDER will be accepted at this price after September 1, 1916. Address: Courier-Journal Co., Louisville, Ky. Or give subscription to ATKINS & VAUGHAN, Agent at Louisa, Ky.

The LOUISVILLE TIMES
Is the best afternoon paper published in the South or West. It covers the

Kentucky news field as no other paper can cover it. It gives the news hot from the wires.

For the Campaign

You can have THE TIMES sent you BY MAIL on Rural Routes or in towns where there is no regular agent.

5 MONTHS FOR \$1.50

(Regular price \$3.00 six months)
Provided your subscription order is received not later than September 1, 1916. After that date regular rates apply. Address:

Louisville Times Co., Louisville, Ky. Or give subscription to ATKINS & VAUGHAN, Agent at Louisa, Ky.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE:—One 1-story frame house on Look avenue. House new. Large lot. For further description and price apply to AUGUSTUS SNYDER.

REAL STOCK FARMS AT REASONABLE PRICES

250 acres within 12 miles of Cincinnati, on Ohio river, in Boone county, Ky., on good place, near Fern Bank Dam. 100 acres river bottom, 150 acres blue grass rolling land.

1000 acres within four miles of railroad, near Webbville, Lawrence county, Ky. 40 acres creek bottom, 600 acres blue grass hill land, 250 acres timber. Fenced and cross fenced. No agents.

For prices and terms, if you mean business, see owner or write H. N. FISCHER, 110 East Central Avenue, Ashland, Ky. 11-12-16.

We have in stock a full supply of repairs for McCormick and Deering Mowers. Also mowers and rakes for sale. SNYDER HDWE. CO. 16-17.

FARMS FOR SALE

Farm, 12 acres bottom land, 7-room dwelling house, on river, railroad and county road, close to church, school and stores. Plenty fruit trees. Good garden.

Farm, 45 acres, mostly in grass, house and barn, young orchard, three miles from Louisa. \$1100.00.

Farm, 50 acres, one mile from Fort Gay, W. Va. On railroad and county road and river. Good land. No house. Price \$1000.

About 35 acres fertile river bottom land, one-half mile below Fort Gay. Also 100 acres adjoining Fort Gay. Good grass land, six or seven acres of it level. Price \$1000. 12-1-16

F. H. YATES, Louisa, Ky.

READ EVERY WORD OF THIS.

It Will Help You. It Has Helped Others. Why Not You?

For almost four years my business has been increasing. I am better acquainted with the country and people. I have tried to please all my customers and give every man the worth of his money. I am able to care for you while here, will show you more country in three days than any man in Scott county and it costs you nothing. I will feed you good home raised and home cooked grub, put up in the Big Sandy fashion and it costs you nothing whether you buy or not. Why go to other dealers where you have to walk for miles and pay board, etc. when you can buy from one of your own Big Sandy boys and have a good time at my expense. We have good land here dear reader and it has a very reasonable price on it. Most all the roads are good. Listen to this:

80 a. with two houses, plenty fruit, 20 a. bottom and good hill. All for \$1400.00. \$1000.00 cash, balance to suit you.

165 a. 100 a. level and rolling, two houses, fair barn and old school house on farm. All for \$2000.00. \$1000.00 cash, balance to suit you.

I can not tell you all the bargains I have but most anything you want I have it or will help you hunt it up. Land is heating here for oil and gas at 10c per acre. Better get hold of some of it. Write me what you want. I answer all letters as soon as possible after received. Come to Ironton, O., then take the D. T. & L. for Bloom Junction, O. Write me and I will meet you at the station. You are invited to call on me.

FRED B. LYNCH

Bloom Switch, Ohio.